

We Want You to Know

That we are giving first-class service. Why not light your Store, Show-windows and Houses with **ELECTRIC LIGHT**, which is the ideal light, being the cleanest light, the safest light, the most convenient light, the most desirable light, the light nearest like the sun light.

Sun Light, Electric Light, Moon Light.

You can have the best at practically the same cost—try Electric Light.

Our wiring department is fully equipped to furnish first-class work in every particular. Let us wire up your house to-day. You will enjoy using Electric Light.

PARIS ELECTRIC LIGHT CO.

S. L. ALLEN. - - - Manager.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a tea spoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Fine Engraving.
The News has an engraver who does the finest of work in the very latest style on short notice. A box of engraved visiting cards would make a nice Christmas present. Leave your order with us.

County Court Days.
Below is a list of County Courts held each month in counties tributary to Paris:

- Anderson, Lawrenceburg, 3d Monday.
- Bath, Owingsville, 2d Monday.
- Bourbon, Paris, 1st Monday.
- Boyle, Danville, 3d Monday.
- Breathitt, Jackson, 4th Monday.
- Clark, Winchester, 4th Monday.
- Estill, Irvine, 3d Monday.
- Fayette, Lexington, 2d Monday.
- Fleming, Flemingsburg, 4th Monday.
- Franklin, Frankfort, 1st Monday.
- Garrard, Lancaster, 4th Monday.
- Grant, Williamstown, 2d Monday.
- Harrison, Cynthia, 4th Monday.
- Henry, Newcastle, 1st Monday.
- Jessamine, Nicholasville, 3d Monday.
- Lee, Beattyville, 4th Monday.
- Lincoln, Stanford, 2d Monday.
- Madison, Richmond, 1st Monday.
- Mason, Maysville, 2d Monday.
- Mercer, Harrodsburg, 1st Monday.
- Montgomery, Mt. Sterling, 3d Monday.
- Nicholas, Carlisle, 2d Monday.
- Oldham, Lagrange, 4th Monday.
- Owen, Owen, 4th Monday.
- Plendleton, Palmouth, 1st Monday.
- Powell, Stanton, 1st Monday.
- Pulaski, Somerset, 3d Monday.
- Scott, Georgetown, 3d Monday.
- Shelby, Shelbyville, 1st Monday.
- Wayne, Monticello, 4th Monday.
- Woodford, Versailles, 4th Monday.

Special Low Rates

VIA
Louisville & Nashville R. R.

And Connections.
Home Seekers and Special One Way Colonist Rates to the WEST, NORTHWEST AND SOUTHWEST.

Tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays during March and April, 1907.

\$38.00
To San Francisco, Los Angeles and Many Other California Points.

Tickets on sale daily March 1 to April 30, 1907.

\$40.40
To Portland, Ore., Seattle, Wash., Vancouver, B. C., Etc.

Tickets on sale daily March 4 to April 30.

Correspondingly low rates to intermediate points West and Northwest.

Further information cheerfully given by
W. H. HARRIS, Agent,
D. S. JORDAN, T. A.

BEWARE OF THE DOGS.

By Rita Kelley.

Copyright, 1906 by M. A. Cunningham.

"Hello! What are you doing here; here of all places? What's this? Tar, by Jove! And rents all over your rock!"

"You seem to be nothing but a big interrogation point," quoth the girl resentfully, refusing to look up at the athletic chap striding toward her. She was seated on a bowler making sundry dabs with scraps of old newspaper at some black spots on her gray skirt, and at the sound of his voice the color had rushed furiously to her cheeks.

"Can't a girl get tar on herself if she wants to? And I'd like to know if I haven't as good a right to be here—alone, as you have?" she challenged.

The man laughed joyously and flung himself down at her feet.

"Delicious," he said. "Go on."

"You were always taking advantage," she flared out.

He laughed again, rolled over and touched one of the spots. She had forgotten them. "Will they come out?" he asked.

She flushed again, more painfully than before, at being thus off her guard when she wished of all times to be mistress of herself.

"I don't know," she exclaimed, "and I don't care, but I think you are mighty mean." She stood up suddenly, flinging away the blackened newspaper.

"Didn't I tell you that I never would speak to you again and that I never wanted to see you? And here you are making me miserable and yourself obnoxious! Oh, I don't want you to touch me! I hate you!"

"Agatha!" He leaped to his feet, the boyishness gone from his manner, his face grown strangely tense. "If I thought you meant that!" he cried, clinching his hands till the knuckles showed white. "Oh, if I thought you meant it!"

She turned away, unable to meet the searching pain in his eyes, and gazed down at the river rolling its placid



BEGAN—OH, SO GENTLY!—TO RUB A SPOT OF THE PRECIOUS GRAY SKIRT.

length between the October hills. It was all peaceful out there in the woods. A squirrel chirped exultantly as he jumped for a falling beechnut, and a belated thrush warbled out a song of sweetness and light from the hawthorn hedge near by. Only man knew strife—and a girl.

The silence that is more deadly than a battle of words and more difficult to end grew appalling. Agatha felt driven to bay by a relentless pursuer, while she groped frantically for something to dismiss him utterly, to free herself of his oppressive nearness.

"Well, why don't you go?" she gasped finally, struck cold by the need for saying it.

"I can't go, Agatha. I can't go till I know that you mean it."

The misery in his voice stung her. "Haven't I said it?" she cried in self defense.

"Yes, Agatha, but I have such a tiny hope that you don't always mean what you say."

"Don't you think I meant it when I told you three months ago I never wanted to speak to you again? Don't you think I meant it when I released you from our engagement?" She hid her face convulsively in her hands.

"Agatha," he said slowly, his voice dropping to its lowest, most vibrant note. "Agatha, what did you mean when—without our engagement being known—except to ourselves—you went into seclusion and lived like a religious? Is it—is it," he insisted, "that you cared more than you wished to confess?"

She uttered a sharp little cry. "You were always like a surgeon's probe." And, with a beseeching flinging of her hand: "Please, please, go! Don't you see you make me wretched?"

For a moment they stood measuring each other, her smoldering, pleading eyes vainly trying to wrest away from the intensity of his steadfast gaze. There was a crackling of underbrush, and a little, wizened old man, carrying a bunch of newspapers, shambled into the small open.

"Thought you might want some more, miss, to clear your skirt with," he said, ignoring the silence of the two and the presence of the young man. "How did the scraps do? I come back

as soon as ever I could. Know'd you'd be a pretty sight goin' into town if I didn't."

"There," he said officiously, crumpling up a large page and thrusting it toward the young man, "you clean that side, and I'll go at this, and we'll soon have her in some sort of decent shape." He squatted beside the girl and began scrubbing the spots as though he were polishing harness.

The man looked at the girl, the girl looked at the river, and neither moved a muscle, though the man looked sheepish with his big wad of paper and a bit helpless and quite a good deal forlorn.

"Girls is strange critters," speculated the old man, beginning on another spot. "Allus doin' what they ain't got no call to do and jumpin' the traces when you least expect it. Funniest part of it is they don't allow as they ought to get their come-uppances neither. If you tell 'em not to do a thing they go straight and do it, and if they get into trouble they expect some one to yank 'em out. Here, you," he called suddenly to the young man, "set to and rub out them spots—near as you can."

"I—I'm afraid it won't do much good," he said, dubiously eyeing the girl rather than the tar smeared.

The old man's eyes gleamed mischievously. "Haven't you been introduced yet? Well, now, that's an oversight! Young man, this is a girl that read that there sign about no trespassing on these premises and decided right off to come in and make me a call. That there barb wire fence is enough to keep ordinary trash out, but you can't never reckon on a girl. Girls mostly needs a keg o' tar, too, and she got both."

The old man backed off and squinted his eyes. "Mighty fine skirt to get scratched up. But, then, girls is skittish. I'd sooner break sixteen colts one winter than try bringin' one girl to time." And he grinned illuminatingly up at the young man from the safety of the back breadth of the gray skirt.

The girl shook herself impatiently.

"That will do, thank you," she said, moving quickly forward. "It is growing late, I must be going."

But the old man had a firm hold on the skirt, and she stopped short. He continued to rub away—he had never stopped.

"Had a little experience o' that myself," he said reminiscently, "when I was courtin' Mandy. Swore she wouldn't ever have a gol darned thing to do with me—just cause I held Talitha Juniper's hand one sleighin' party to see if Mandy cared. Ticked plum crazy!"

"For the first time the old man ceased to rub, and, half crouched, the dirty paper crumpled in his hand, he gazed out across the river. "Queer how kind a-durned happy a fellow can be just cause a skittish girl shows him she cares," he muttered.

"Who-oo-oo! Who-oo-oo!" A shrill, beckoning call floated across the wood lot.

The old man let the tarry paper fall from his big hand.

"It's Mandy," he said, springing up. "I guess you'll have to manage now for yourselves. Supper's waitin'." With a quick sidelong movement he was off through the low hawthorn.

Both the man and the girl stood and looked at the place where he had disappeared until the last leaf ceased to flutter, then slowly she turned to the man before her. Their eyes met and lingered for a long moment fraught with questioning. What they answered could not be told in words, so the man fell on his knees and began—oh, so gently!—to rub a spot of the precious gray skirt. She stood looking down on his broad shoulders, his big blond head touched gold by the setting sun. Then her eyes wavered to the crude sign, "No Trespassing," directly in front. With a quick movement she reached down and ran her slender fingers through his hair, stooped and touched his face caressingly with hers. "Beware of the dogs," she said in a voice that choked, but ended in a laugh.

The Snow Flower.

A traveler in Siberia tells us about a wonderful plant found in the northern part of that country, where the ground is perpetually covered with a coating of frost and snow. It is called the snow flower, and the description of its birth and its short life reads like a fairy tale. He says it shoots out of the frozen soil on the first day of the year and attains a height of three feet. On the third day it blooms, remaining open for only twenty-four hours. Then the stem, the leaves and the flower are converted into snow—in other words, the plant goes back into its original elements. The leaves are three in number, and the flower is star shaped. On the third day, the day the bloom appears, little specks appear on the extremities of the leaves. They are about the size of the head of a pin and are the seeds of the flower. It is said that some of these seeds were gathered once and taken to St. Petersburg, where they were buried in a bed of snow. The first of the following year the plant burst forth and bloomed just as it does in Siberia.

Painfully Frank.

Meebant (to applicant who has called in response to an advertisement for a business partner)—Now let us get to business at once. To begin with, what I want to assist me in this enterprise is a man of brains.

Applicant (with alarming frankness)—Oh, you needn't have told me that. I could see it for myself.

Taking It Internally.

As he crept softly upstairs the clock struck 2.

"Where have you been, Alfred?" she asked quietly.

"At the office, taking stock," came the girl's reply.

"I thought I smelt it," said his wife.

—New York Press.

If You Try

Father William's Indian Herb Tea, or Herb Tablets and do not find them the best medicines you ever used for Constipation, Torpid Liver, Sick Kidneys, Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Billiousness, Malaria, Dizziness and Bad Breath, we will refund the money.

They work day and night and you get up in the morning feeling like new person.

Try them 20 cents, Tea or Tablets. For sale by W. T. Brooks.

Bargains in REAL ESTATE For Sale.

I have listed the following property for sale:

Two Cottages on West street. Four large rooms each, halls, porches, cistern, good stable; lots 50x100 feet.

Farm of 153 acres near Centerville; all in grass except 25 acres. Brick residence, good barns and all other out buildings.

Another farm of 47 7-10 acres, on the Russell Cave pike, 8 miles from Paris, 10 from Lexington. New tobacco barn. Other buildings are good.

should be glad to show you these places at any time. Prices right.

Call on or address

R. W. BECRAFT,

2nd Floor Wilson Building.
E. T. Phone 748.

A GOOD NIGHT'S REST



"Speak for it!" she cried to doggie. For she knew in her little heart, That German Syrup, home's great treasure, Could health and joy impart.

"The greatest tonic on earth is a good night's rest. Restless nights and the terrible exhaustion of a hacking cough are dread dangers of the poor consumptive. But why this fear of the night when a few doses of Dr. Beecher's German Syrup will insure refreshing sleep, entirely free from cough or night sweat? Free expectation in the morning is made certain by taking German Syrup.

"We know by the experience of over thirty-five years that one 75-cent bottle of German Syrup will speedily relieve or cure the worst coughs, colds, bronchitis, lung troubles—and that, even in bad cases of consumption, one large bottle of German Syrup will work wonders."

Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

G. S. VARDEN & SON, Paris, Ky.

MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS

Safe and reliable, they overcome weakness, increase vigor, banish pain. No remedy equals DR. MOTT'S PENNYROYAL PILLS. Sold by Druggists and Dr. Mott's Chemical Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

For sale by Oberdorfer.

ELITE BARBER SHOP, GARL - GRAWFORD, Proprietor.

Cold and Hot Baths.

FIVE CHAIRS - NO WAITS.

Only First-Class Barbers Employed.

GEO. W. DAVIS, FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LICENSED EMBALMER.

BOTH PHONES—DAY 137; NIGHT 299.

HEMP WANTED.

Highest Market Price paid for Hemp.
Hemp Brakes For Sale.

Chas. S. Brent & Bro., PARIS, KENTUCKY.

Both Phones 14.

NEW SALOON!

The finest of Whiskies, Wines, Beers, Cigars, Etc., can be found at the New Saloon, corner of Main and 10th Streets, lately purchased by

T. F. BRANNON.

Messrs. JOS. MULLANEY and PHIL DEIGNAN, the popular bartenders, are in charge of the place, and invite their friends to call.

IT'S WIEDEMANN.

NO BEER AS GOOD AS THAT GOOD BEER, WIEDEMANN.

For Sale at All First-Class Saloons.
Recommended as Best for Family Use.

LYONS' SALOON,

Wholesale Agent, Paris, Ky.